Exquisite

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Exquisite

by extremelyperturbed

Summary

Written in response to this kinkmeme http://hannibalkink.dreamwidth.org/4770.html?thread=7639458#cmt7639458

There is a story in Neil Gaiman's collection "Fragile Things". It's called "Keepsakes and Treasures" and it is about a mystery tribe, Shahinai, which consist mostly of women. Shahinai's Treasure are men who are very rare (one or two of them in a generation). But these men are the most beautiful in the world. Every century Shahinai sell one of their boy for enough money to keep the whole tribe going for another hundred years.

So, Will is seventeen years old boy of the Shahinai, and Hannibal buys him.

The rest of the prompt is at the link above.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

“Ms. Lounds, I hope you are not lying to me because you should know that I do not take being lied to and stolen from lightly,” said Hannibal as he let the woman drive him to the prearranged meeting place. “I warn you that I have taken certain precautions that if I am ambushed or go missing, you will not escape punishment.”

She scowled. “I may be a lot of things, Mr. Lecter, but I don’t ruin things for myself. The only reason the Shahinai bothered to talk to me at all was because I promised them that I knew a prospective buyer for one of their treasures. You have no idea how long I had to search to find them.”

“Have you seen the treasure yourself?” said Hannibal. He had been told that this was a once in a century opportunity that would never be repeated in his lifetime. There was only one or two men every generation in the tribe and one was not sold every generation but only when the tribe had almost run out of all its resources.

“No,” she said. “They only show to prospective buyers. You do have the gems?”

“I do,” said Hannibal. He had a bag of colored diamonds and rubies, all of them large stones of deep color, perfectly cut and flawless. He had been fortunate that many of his former patients and clients had willed their estates to him and that quite a few of their treasures involved gemstones that rivaled any that were on the open market. Freddie had explained to him that they did not believe in bank accounts and electronic transfers but something they could examine and hold in their hands. She also warned him that they would know if he was giving them fake stones. He had no intention of cheating them; he had little use for jewelry.

He realized that what he was doing was rather sketchy. However, his curiosity had been extremely excited when he had heard about this strange tribe and its treasure. He had made dozens of inquiries before he found Freddie and Frederick who were willing to offer their services.

They finally went into a small house on the edge of town. Freddie knocked on the door and the door was opened by a rather hideous woman. Hannibal briefly thought of pictures he had seen of women who lived in the desert, aged before their time with toil and the harsh sun. However, it was nothing like that. The women in the pictures were people who showed the effects of a hard life; the hideousness he was looking at struck him as a product of a supernatural curse.

The woman waved for them to come in. There were a dozen women like her, each holding a sword as if anticipating an attempt to steal their prize.

Freddie talked to the women in a language that was foreign to Hannibal though he spoke half a dozen fluently and had passing knowledge of half a dozen more. Freddie turned to Hannibal and said, “They’re going to bring out the treasure.”

Hannibal half expected someone that was only passing fair, considering that even a mildly attractive lad would seem god-like in comparison to the women he saw. However, what stepped out of the room was a something that reminded him of paintings of classical myths. He was a youth, no older than seventeen, with dark curly hair and blue eyes and skin that had been shielded from the sun and anointed with oil. He brought to mind Dionysus in his youth, unashamed in his nakedness, promising ecstasy and revelations. Hannibal caressed the young man's face and neck, looking for makeup or even a mask but found only soft skin under his thumbs. He kissed him on the mouth and smelled the sweetness of his body underlying the spices that infused the body oil.

"What is his name?" said Hannibal.

Freddie turned to the woman who had opened the door. She said a short phrase, pointing to the treasure.

The woman mumbled a reply.

"His name is Will," said Freddie. "She wants to know if you want him or not. Also, she's not in the mood to haggle."

"I am interested, very interested," said Hannibal as he pulled out the bag of jewels he had with him. The boy looked down as if shy and embarrassed.

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The first thing Hannibal found out about his new treasure was that he needed to be kept warm. The women had wrapped Will up in robes and blankets and Freddie had told him that Will needed to be kept warm as he was unused to the current chill of Baltimore. He had turned the heat on full blast as he drove them away from the house.

The second thing Hannibal found out was that the boy did not speak a word of English though he did respond to his name.

"You're not having second thoughts, are you?" said Freddie as she sat smugly in the backseat.

"No, not one," said Hannibal coolly. "What language were you speaking back there?"

"It's one of those really old time dialects. Frederick told me it's a lot like a mashup of Aramaic and some Northern European language group. It was a total pain in the ass to learn."

"Why didn't he come and translate instead?" Hannibal knew that Dr. Chilton was an expert on rare and unusual languages and had written several books regarding the origins of various dialects.

"Because he may know his languages but he's shit at getting people to talk and open up," said Freddie.

Hannibal could not disagree with Freddie's assessment of Frederick Chilton. "Could you tell Will not to be afraid and that I will be taking care of him from now on?"

Freddie said a few words and Will said something at length back in the same language. Freddie turned to Hannibal. “The old woman told him that already. He’s been told his entire life that he was to wait for someone like you. He knows that he is yours and hopes that you will treat him kindly.”

“Of course, of course,” said Hannibal by means of reassurance. He hoped the tone of his voice was something Will could understand even if he didn’t understand the words.

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He dropped off Freddie at her apartment. As a parting gift, she had given him a pamphlet with a few words in Will’s language and how to say them and said that he understood what nodding and shaking one‘s head meant. His mouth pressed himself in a line at how little information she had given him. He would have to talk to Chilton further regarding this.

However, he had to tend to Will. He parked in the garage and after closing the door, he led Will into the house. He noticed that Will looked a little scared as he saw the paintings and furniture in the house. He mused that Will had never been in a house before he had come to this country. From what he had been told about his tribe, they were nomads who lived in the desert, far away from villages and only came near a metropolis when selling one of their treasures.

Hannibal turned up the heat for his house and decided to take Will to his room. He took a space heater from his closet and turned it on. Will immediately sat in front of it, putting his hands out towards it. Hannibal sighed, “You really are a hothouse flower.”

Hannibal pointed to himself, “Hannibal.”

Will smiled. “Hannibal.” He pointed to himself, and said, “Will.”

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It turned out that Will was rather quick in learning things. While his vocabulary was still very limited, he quickly learned how to use a toilet, a toothbrush, cutlery and how to put on the clothes Hannibal laid out for him on the bed. As for bathing and showering, Hannibal was always on hand to soap him up, shampoo his hair, rinse him off and then have him soak in the warm water. Afterwards, he would take care to towel him dry and have him wear plaid flannel pajamas and a wrap on top of it before escorting him back to the warmth of the bedroom.

Will had been awestruck by his surroundings. He had been surprised by running water and had been even more astonished by all the equipment Hannibal had showed him in the kitchen. He had watched with wonder as Hannibal made their meals and plated the various ingredients into works of art. He had been cautious about eating what was on his plate but when he saw Hannibal put the food in his mouth and making encouraging motions, he mimicked Hannibal and put a spoonful into his mouth and looked stunned.

Hannibal enjoyed watching Will slowly get used to this life. He remembered that someone had said that having children was like seeing the world anew. He noted things like the first time Will heard music on his stereo system or the first time Will tasted chocolate, both of

which Will loved. He had chortled when he had seen Will make a face when he had tasted the last few drops of wine he had in his glass. He had enjoyed teaching Will how to do various forms of ball room dance.

Most of all, he had been happy that Will's beauty hadn't been an illusion, something that faded in the morning after. If anything, it had been enhanced by the mutual desire reflected in Will's eyes and the nimble mind that seemed to pick up English like that of a small child learning his mother tongue. While Hannibal still prodded Chilton into teaching him more phrases over lunch, he no longer feared that it would be an insurmountable barrier to a true meeting of the minds.

As Will's vocabulary expanded, Will began telling him of his life before he lived with Hannibal. As Hannibal had surmised, they lived in the deepest desert. He was kept out of the sun, massaged with scented oils and fed with flatbread, cheeses, honey, dates and spiced minced meat and stews. His first impulse on seeing Hannibal's food had been to use his hands but he had stopped when he realized that Hannibal was using tools to eat. At night, he was kept near a fire and watched over during the cold desert nights. They had told him over and over again that someday he would be taken over the sea and save his tribe by buying their freedom for a century. They had told him that there he would given to a man who would prize him and care for him even better than they had.

"I hope that I have lived up to their promise," said Hannibal.

"Yes. They told me that I was beautiful but they did not tell me that you would be beautiful too."

"I am not beautiful," said Hannibal though he was deeply touched by this pronouncement.

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Before he had gone to collect Will with Freddie, Hannibal had installed windows where one could see out but nobody could see in. After Will came, he also had a contractor build a fence that was ten feet tall that surrounded his backyard. On the off chance there was a heat wave and Will wanted to go outside, he didn't want anybody to see and then desire to possess him. Fortunately, Will showed little to no inclination towards socializing though he would confess that he felt very alone when Hannibal went out of the house.

"When I go out, it is necessary. I do not like to be away from you." He had taken a sabbatical away from work but knew he would have to go back to work at least on a part-time basis so Jack Crawford wouldn't pester him with demands that he work on his cases.

There was the sound of the doorbell being rung. Hannibal sighed. There were drawbacks to being such a popular man. "Stay here and do not come out no matter what."

Hannibal closed the door behind him and opened the door. It was Frederick Chilton, looking suspiciously eager. "I know that we do not have a lunch date today," said Hannibal.

"We don't. I just want to see him. It is so unfair for Freddie to see him when I'm the one who did almost all of the language work. She didn't even get me a photo."

It hadn't been for lack of trying. Hannibal had searched her purse and checked her coat for cameras before they set off. "Part of the reason I paid the price I did was not just because of his beauty but also the exclusivity. Both you and Ms. Lounds have been well compensated. If you try to trespass in order to have even the slightest contact with him without my permission, I will treat you like any trespasser. Take care, Chilton, take care."

Chilton pouted. "I do not swing that way, Hannibal. I will not be running off with your beloved. I don't understand the point of picking someone that handsome and not showing him off."

"I have no desire to cast pearls before swine, said Hannibal. "I will talk to you later, Chilton."

Chilton scowled and stomped off. Once Hannibal closed the door, he saw Will slowly opened the bedroom door and poked his head out. "If he wants to look at me for a few seconds, I would not mind."

"I would mind. You do not know him like I do. He may look harmless but he can be quite selfish and perfidious. If he ever comes to the house and I happen not to be there, do not open the door. Please just pretend to be asleep."

"I promise."

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will. "Tonight, I have something to show you, something I have been meaning to show you from the beginning."

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal had been very careful. He had sent Will's blood and urine samples to a lab and he had gotten a clean bill of health and had the same done for himself. He could have taken Will the first night at his house but he was not someone who wanted to force someone who did not even understand what was going to happen. He wanted someone who would choose to stay, not create someone who would try to flee every chance he could.

He sat down with Will on the bed. "Before you came here, what did they tell you about what would happen?"

Will looked down. "They said that I was to do whatever you wanted."

"Have you not liked what we've done so far?" Hannibal said, lightly massaging Will's thigh. So far they had kissed and engaged in frottage with Hannibal sometimes taking Will's cock into his hand and bringing him to completion.

Will blushed and said, "I like it very much."

"Has there ever been anybody else besides me?"

Will shook his head no. "I was guarded every single day since I was born. You are the first to touch me like that."

"I want to try something new. If you don't like it, tell me to stop and we can do something else. Do you understand?"

Will nodded.

Hannibal began unbuttoning his shirt and left it on a nearby chair. It was soon joined by his slacks and his briefs. He stood by the bed, quietly watching Will take off his clothes as well. He feasted his eyes on what he was being offered.

Hannibal sat next to Will and began kissing him. His ardor was matched as Will clung to him and moaned. Hannibal nuzzled his neck and enjoyed the delicious smell of his body that was almost as arousing as the way Will looked. He rained kisses on his neck, shoulder and cheeks. "I want you to get on the bed and hold your knees to your chest."

After Will had complied with Hannibal's command, Hannibal carefully lubricated a slim toy the width of a lipstick and slid it inside of Will, getting it past the ring and then all the way up to its flared base . "How does that feel, Will?" Hannibal said, after hearing Will gasp.

"It feels strange like I'm full."

"But it doesn't hurt, does it?" Hannibal said while slowly working the toy in and out of him.

”No.”

”Good boy.” Hannibal took care to slowly work Will open getting him used to bigger and wider toys with encouragements until he felt Will was relaxed enough to take him. He enjoyed the look of surprise when he knew he had hit the right spot inside of him, the hit of pleasure helping to reassure him.

”Now lie on your left side,” said Hannibal after he pulled out the last toy. He slicked himself up and lay down to spoon Will from behind. ”I will be coming in now . . .”

Hannibal kept it slow and gentle, murmuring endearments in English and Lithuanian into his ear while running his hands along his chest and thighs. He had had many lovers in the past but nobody had captured his heart like Will had. It shook him utterly when he came and when he reached around to help Will find his own release, Will’s cry of pleasure was better than any aria.

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Hannibal looked through his mail and found a postcard from Mr. and Mrs. Komeda from Berlin. She talked about what a splendid time she was having and wondering when the next dinner party would be. He chuckled and put it aside. He would have to throw one eventually. Nothing excited the curiosity of others more than being too much of a recluse. Yet he did not want to have to lock Will away for hours. A scheme popped into mind and he laughed to himself.

”What’s so funny?” said Will.

”I know that you have been curious about some of the people I have mentioned from time to time. I plan on inviting them over so you can see them.”

”I thought that you didn’t want anybody to see me.”

”You will be seeing them but they won’t see you.”

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”Blindfolded?” said Mrs. Komeda. She was not the only one who were flabbergasted at the idea. All the diners Hannibal had invited were looking at Hannibal as if he suggested they should all take off their clothes and make out on the floor.

Hannibal smiled. ”This is merely an experiment where I believe the shutting off one sense will cause an increased acuity in the other senses including taste and smell. I believe that my dishes will only please you more that way.”

”You are such an eccentric!” she cried though not in a way that signaled true displeasure.

”To make sure that there is no peeking, I will put all the blindfolds and eye masks on all of you while remaining unimpaired myself. I shall tell you where to put your forks and spoons. Everything has been cut small enough so there will be no need for knives. Furthermore, I shall tell you whether it is a meat dish or a soup or dessert but I shall not tell you what it is made of. The one penalty is that you must keep the blindfolds on all throughout the dinner. Anybody who takes it off even for a second will be permanently dismissed from my guest list. I promise to tell you once everybody has finished the particular course what it is.”

Since an invitation at Hannibal's dinner table was something coveted by Baltimore's elite, they all decided to comply. After Hannibal had seated them at the table and tied the blindfolds designed to keep even the slightest bit of light from passing through while staying snugly on their heads, he lit a few candles and turned off the lights.

Will walked in, dressed in his finest. Hannibal smiled at him and lifted a finger to his lips to indicate silence. Hannibal rolled a cart in from the adjoining kitchen and put a little cup of cold yellow cream on each of their plates. He casually named each person he was serving so Will could match the name to the person. After he was done distributing it, he said, "Now, you may partake. There is a little cup with a handle on your plate full of cold soup. Guess the main ingredient."

While the diners carefully took up the cup and brought it to their lips, Hannibal and Will quietly sipped from their own cup.

"Is it corn soup?" said Blanche Austin, heiress of a supermarket fortune.

"You guessed correctly. I just added a little cream and a little sea salt," said Hannibal.

The other diners clapped at her correct guess. After that, everybody became more interested in the guessing game, chatting amongst themselves while Hannibal was both server and ringmaster with Will bringing the cart to and from the kitchen with the laden trays.

"Is someone with you? You are talking here but I hear someone else bringing things to and from the kitchen," said Blanche Austin.

"I had the help of a few sous chefs to help create this party. I had one stay behind to help with service of the dishes, nothing more."

Once the final course of dessert was served, Will took a dish with his share of the dessert with him to wait in the secret room downstairs after Hannibal gave him a conspiratorial wink and mouthed that he would not be too long.

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Hannibal woke up and turned to look at Will only to find him gone. He gasped and looked all over the house before he realized that Will was standing in the backyard looking up at the snowflakes falling from the sky. He was shivering despite having wrapped himself up in a coat and slippers but seemed absolutely delighted. "What is this?"

"It is snow, Will. Now please come back inside!"

"It is beautiful," said Will before Hannibal took matters into his own hands and swept him off his feet to carry him back inside. He carried him to the bathroom where he immediately started filling the tub full of hot water. He could see that Will's teeth were chattering and he had not stopped shivering.

That night, Will caught a fever and moaned and whimpered during the night. Hannibal went to the basement where he stored several medicines and various apparatus for emergencies. He gave Will some acetaminophen and Tamiflu and put a cool cloth on top of his head. If

necessary, he could take him to a clinic that he had been a very generous donor to and use its facilities with a free hand.

Will ended up spending a week in bed. When awake, he would eat the rice porridge and the special medicinal soup made of ginseng and silkie chicken Hannibal specially prepared for him. When asleep, he would whisper words in his language that Hannibal did not understand.

”Will? You said something in your sleep,” said Hannibal when Will’s temperature had returned to normal.

”What did I say?”

Hannibal repeated a phrase.

”I was calling for my sister.”

”Sister?”

”Before I came here, she took care of me. She even bathed me and emptied my chamber pots. When I was ill, she would rub me with warm oils then feed me mashed vegetables with warm milk. She was older than me by fifteen years and had been chosen as my caretaker. It was a position of respect. They would not have given me to her if they thought I would come to harm or be neglected. I suppose she has become part of the council of elders now.”

”I am sorry that I can not take you to visit her as they have disappeared without leaving a forwarding address.” Though to be honest, Hannibal did not mind being in the pleasant place of having no in-laws who would visit regularly and often.

”It is the way of the tribe. Once the treasure has been given, he belongs completely to his new caretaker. Hannibal?”

”Yes?”

”Do you have family?”

”You are the only family I have. My parents died when I was young. My sister and I were adopted by my uncle, my father's brother. However, he died soon afterwards. When I was eighteen, I left for America to go to medical school. While I was away, my aunt and my sister were in a car accident that took both their lives. And that is why you must be more careful about your health. I had given up on anything resembling family but you’ve managed to change my mind.”

”I’m sorry . . . I didn’t mean to . . .”

”I know.”
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Will went into the kitchen one Saturday morning to find Hannibal on the phone. After finishing the call, Hannibal sighed and put the phone down.

”I do not want you to have to go down to the secret basement room today but a very important man is coming for dinner tonight. He is a high-level government official and if he knew you were here and how you came to be with me, he would take you away. If he does somehow see you, simply claim to be a friend who is staying the night but offer no further explanation except your name. Roll your eyes and act surly. I will do the rest.”

”Why is he coming?”

”Because on occasion, I have helped him hunt monsters for amusement and because it was challenging. However, it used to take me away from home for days at a time and I would have to study things at home that I know would give you nightmares if you were to see them. I know that you found my anatomy and medical journals rather disturbing. I will be explaining to him that my services are no longer available.”

”Perhaps I could help.”

”You went outside in the snow for a matter of minutes and you were in bed for a week. No, my dear. I will not go through such a scare again.”

”What is he like?”

Hannibal took out his sketchbook and started drawing Jack Crawford. ”He is physically strong and smart but not a man of subtleties or great imagination. He, however, is not tied too closely to doing things by the book, which partly compensates for those weaknesses.”

”What is it like to hunt monsters?”

”It is very dangerous but stimulating. I've always found the idea of death comforting. The thought that my life could end at any moment frees me to fully appreciate the beauty and art and horror of everything this world has to offer. However, now that you are here, I confess that I am not quite as indifferent to death though I still do not fear it. I will be telling him that I am retired from such pursuits. He will not take it well.”

Will kissed him.

”I believe I shall make him something experimental to push his boundaries and to make my leave taking less irksome.”

”What?”

Hannibal smiled. ”Kholodets, a gelatinous dish with a circle of fish.”

Will made a face.

”There is one more surprise . . .”
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Chilton drove by Hannibal’s house and stared at the real estate sign in front of it. ”What!” he screamed. He immediately phoned Freddie. ”Did you know that Hannibal has sold his house and moved away?”

”Now I do.”

Freddie did her best to try to find Hannibal and Will. However, the only thing she could give Chilton was a letter she received from them. ”There is a picture of them.”

Chilton grabbed it from her. There was a picture of a smiling Hannibal in a Speedo on a beach with Will standing next to him, wearing a bathrobe, sunglasses, a hat and a scarf around his mouth. Chilton screamed in frustration because it was just like Hannibal to fuck with him like this.

The End

Chapter End Notes

I think that even if he is not killing and eating people, Hannibal would still love to troll the hell out of people but it is no fun unless you have someone who knows.

I think a tropical island like Tahiti or Hawaii would suit Will better than Baltimore. If it was a private island, Will could walk about freely more often.

I kept the feeling of it pretty light as I was not in the mood to push this into a true horror story. I did think of having Chilton try to break into the house to get a look at Will but it would have ended poorly for him.

End Notes

Inspiration in terms of how Will looks and the impression Hannibal has of him:

http://images.fanpop.com/images/image_uploads/Hugh-hugh-dancy-655444_999_1235.jpg

https://anthonypeoples.files.wordpress.com/2013/04/hugh_dancy.jpg

http://www.musee-aquitaine-bordeaux.fr/en/article/youth-bacchus-1884 is NSFW to be on the safe side as it's a painting with nudity in it though fairly innocuous on the whole.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bacchus_and_Ariadne#mediaviewer/File:Titian_Bacchus_and_Ariadne.jpg is another painting that I'll just say is NSFW.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!